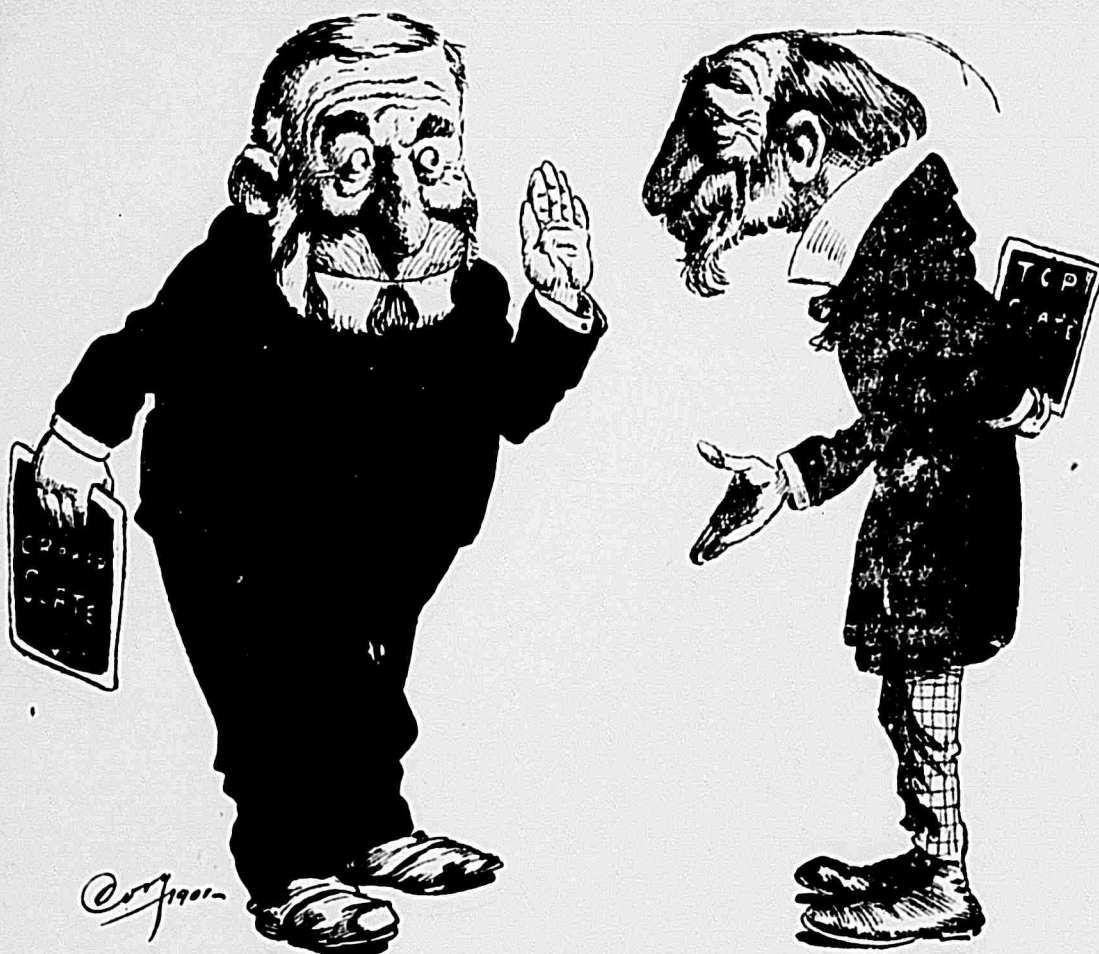


CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON.

IT IS SAID BOUQUETS ARE ALREADY FLYING.



The Senator to the King—Whom has Your Majesty decided upon for Mayor? The King to the Senator—Oh, really! I couldn't presume, don't you know! Whom do YOU want?

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE ANSWERED BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Dress for an Engagement Party.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
Kindly let me know the proper dress for a young man at his engagement reception, receiving from 2 to 5 o'clock.

FOR the afternoon function a frock coat, light gray or striped trousers, white blouse waistcoat, white shirt, patent leather shoes and white silk scarf are proper.

Send a Note of Acknowledgment.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I should a gentleman friend dedicate a march of a book, which he has written, to me would it be proper to send a note of thanks? 2. If a gentleman calls for the first time is it necessary to serve refreshments? If so, what?

AN OVER SENSITIVE GIRL.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
Was it an insult to send to a lady friend (a trained nurse in a hospital) a letter asking her to find out something and to let me know as soon as possible, including a two-cent stamp? I received a letter from her in which she stated it was an insult to include a stamp.
J. MAYER.
If the young lady is a friend you should not have included a stamp. We are willing to be under small obligations to our friends. Society was formed on this basis.
In writing to a stranger where an answer is desired it is proper to include a stamp.
You have no right to put yourself

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut the house gown in medium size twelve yards of material twenty-one inches wide, eleven yards twenty-seven inches wide, ten and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or six and one-half yards forty-four inches wide.



Will be required, with one yard of plain silk for necker or five-eighth yard of colored material for yoke and collar. The house gown pattern (No. 1806, \$3.00) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, 222 Broadway, New York City."

The World.

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A MARKET MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE FOREIGN MARKET.

It is well to reach out in every direction and by every intelligent means of peace and honor for new markets for the products of American toil and skill. But let us not neglect the home market—the greatest market of all, the one that is most easily reached, the one capable of the vastest development.

Here are 76,000,000 of the most widely enlightened mass of human beings on earth, and therefore the greatest consumers. For the more intelligent a man is the more varied his wants, the more goods he needs or wants.

The average income of an American family—and that measures the average capacity for buying goods—varies from about \$1,300 a year in Massachusetts to less than \$300 in some Southern States. In the total the average is about \$750 a year.

Now, the higher this average income gets, provided it represents diffused wealth, the larger will be our capacity to consume manufactures. Anything which tends to raise this average tends to develop the home market, tends to enable the people to enjoy more and more of the comforts and luxuries which their toil and skill produce.

On the contrary, anything which tends to lower this average, anything which tends to the concentration instead of the diffusion of wealth, tends to destroy the home market and to make the masses producers of comfort and luxury for others.

The chief ways for developing the home market are—Education, which increases man's desires and also his capacity to earn the means of satisfying his desires.

Higher wages—the logical result of better capacity to labor. Against these forces is any force which tends to make the laborer a helpless dependent and to enable a few men to control prices.

And therefore these combinations which are selling to foreigners more cheaply than they sell at home need attention.

STARVING THE SCHOOLS—NEW YORK AND ENGLAND.

A high English court has pronounced it illegal for board schools to furnish advanced education or to maintain evening classes. Parliament has hastily botched together a bill to meet this emergency which has shut the door on 165,000 pupils.

But the boys and girls must still drop from their little palms each week from three to six broad pennies into John Bull's capacious paw. John is spending seven millions a week upon his South African war, but he can't afford free schools.

Are we in New York so much more civilized? So far as laws go, yes. But 14,000 pupils in Manhattan-Bronx are on half-time or excluded from school altogether; in Brooklyn 40,000; and there is no room for children under six.

New York has spent millions for useless salary increases and for the wages of "unemployed employees;" millions for a free race-track for rich politicians who own fast horses; millions for the "rake-off." But it can't afford schools for the city's children; and of the pittance that is appropriated more than half is wasted or delayed in costly condemnation proceedings to provide more useless salaries, more fees, more "rake-off."

In the words of the immortal Tweed, "What are you going to do about it?"

FOUR DAINY FRUIT DESSERTS.

- Strawberry Foam.** Mash one cupful of hulled strawberries and press through a sieve. Beat one cupful of cream until stiff. Beat the whites of two eggs until dry, then gradually beat into them half a cupful of powdered sugar, and continue beating until very stiff. Then fold in the cream and strawberry juice. Set on ice to chill. Serve very cold in dainty, thin glasses, with tiny flowers.
- Scalloped Fruits.** Peel as many oranges as are required, cut in inch-square pieces, removing all the white parts and seeds. Put a layer of these in the bottom of a glass dish and sprinkle with sugar. Have ready a fresh coconut grated and spread some over the sugared oranges. Cut bananas into thin slices and place a layer of them close together over the coconut. Repeat with the oranges, sugar, coconut and bananas, with a fine layer of thick-
- Banana Tapioca Pudding.** Mash one cupful of sugared oranges and a sprinkling of coconut. Serve with candied cherries around the edge of the dish.
- Orange Float.** Boil one quart of water with the juice and pulp of two lemons; when boiling add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Dissolve five tablespoonsful of cornstarch in one tea-cupful of cold water, stir into the boiling syrup and stir all the time for five minutes; when cold pour over six sliced oranges and add the beaten whites of two eggs, flavored with a half tea-spoonful of vanilla and sweetened with a tablespoonful of sugar.

A BOARD THE GOOD SHAMROCK II.

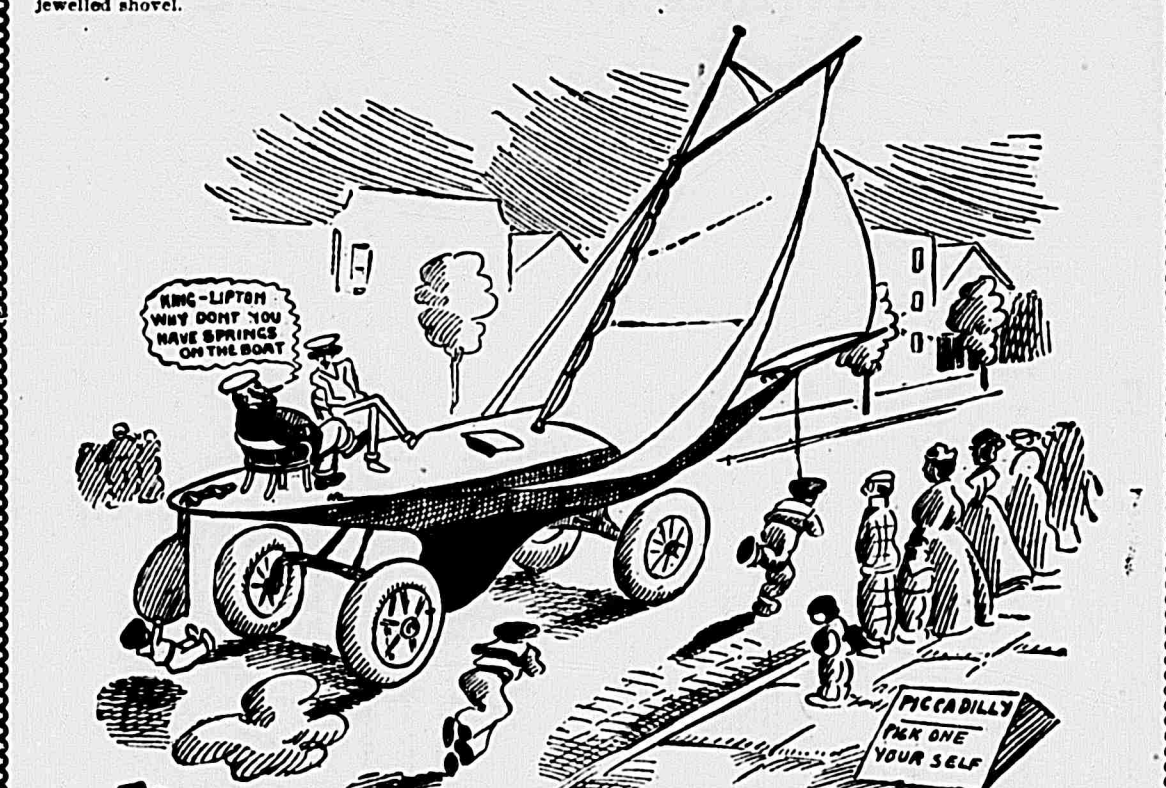
By T. E. POWERS.



The "seething, treacherous breakers with their angry voices tell no tales," so all news of the disaster to Shamrock II. is sent ashore by carrier pigeon. According to the latter's pigeon English the situation was as follows: Sir Thomas Lipton, in a voice of thunder, orders his gallant crew to let the steam heater go by the board and cut away the janitor. King Edward and Lady Londonderry, both experts in the social swim, stand abait the starboard tack and match pennies to see which shall have the life-preserver.



Meanwhile the hardy mariners resolve to avoid future catastrophes by henceforth sailing all races in steamboats, burning only gilded coal piled high in a jeweled shovel.



The King, after all is over, says to Lipton: "Tommy, I'll go again." But some of His Majesty's more anxious subjects may arrange the above sort of yachting cruise for their sovereign. With a spanking gale aft the main brace and head winds in the foretopgallant catamarans, the craft should be good for sixty miles an hour on any thoroughfare in Merry England. In case of a rural sail the Shamrock will have her first experience with real rocks.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

Says We Overeat.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I notice an overgreat propensity toward eating in the human family. I feel a thorough disgust toward the voracious. Sometimes at the Park and the feeding of the animals causes interest as well as delight in the spectators. Especially so the feeding of the hippopotami. These ungainly creatures open their immense mouths and with one gulp swallow a whole loaf of bread. I believe if man could he would do the same. But since his mouth is so very much smaller than that of the hippopotamus he contents himself with taking an overdose of meat, vegetables, beer, whiskey and soda water.
K. A. L.

Are Women More Literary than Men?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have often questioned young men and women as to their literary tastes. From the women I have received pretty encouraging answers. They preferred a literary society to anything else, even to a tea party. From the men my hopes have been somewhat crushed. Instead of giving me the slightest hope they openly denounced literary societies and said they preferred a gymnasium to the best literary society afloat. I myself am a literary man, and it gives me much joy whenever I come across one who sides with me in my views. I am by no means opposed to bodily development, but it is not only the body which must be developed, but the brain as well.
LITTERATEUR.

The Motor Wagon.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The electric vehicle is at one and the same time a nuisance and a benefit. It is inconvenient in many particulars. Often when one of them passes on Fifth Avenue a large crowd gathers and the thoroughfare is blocked until it passes out of sight. Of course, the occupants of the vehicle are highly amused by the sensation they are causing, but not so the people who are desirous of making some headway and are prevented from so doing by the crowd in front. Then those riding on bicycles are in constant danger of being run down by these obstacles. They are fast, exceeding the speed of horses, and they are untirable (not meaning they are tireless). Considering both good and bad qualities, I think the bad predominate.
LOUIS A. KERPER.

Defends Red-Headed People.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I want to defend the much-abused red-haired people. Red heads are thoroughbreds and are pure gold. I have had experience and know that, being a red-headed woman, I am a red-headed people are, as a rule, blessed with a good heart, and that accounts for so many of our mishaps. Her good heart, unless a stop is put to them, pretty soon the courts will become too small to hold them. This must never be. Also the frequent repetition of the same case makes one suspicious. It's a pity that such a craving for gold should exist, and bring some otherwise good people down to the level of the money grabber. I would advise such women to remember that.

A DANGEROUS DISCOVERY. BY JOHN GASTON. TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
I WAS employed in the counting-room of Lemuel Ripley, the wealthy broker. One day I learned the books had been tampered with and I investigated. I found that customers of the house had been cheated out of hundreds of thousands of dollars, but try as I would I could not see how anybody had profited by it.
I thought of one entry in the books that might give a clue to the errors which had so puzzled me, and I went to the office after dinner that night to make one more trial to clear up the mystery. Sure enough the entry did give me a clue, and following it up I received a shock that nearly took away my senses. There was the evidence in black and white that Ripley himself had

tampered with the books and had literally robbed his customers of great fortunes. While sitting stupefied at the discovery a key turned in the door and I walked Mr. Ripley. Glancing at the open books he saw what I had found. "Still at work Charles? I desire to use the books to-night. You need not wait. I will see that they are put away." All the next day I thought it over as I fumbled through my work. Ripley called me into his office and asked me questions about the errors in the books which had so puzzled me. There were discussions going on in his private apartments and a deputy sheriff appeared and, to my surprise, said that I was wanted at the court-house. What was my horror when I found I was called before the Court to have my sanity inquired into? Ripley was there,

as was his manager and several employees of the house. Ripley went on the stand and testified that I was unquestionably insane. I saw through the whole affair in a minute. I was to be buried alive in a madhouse. All the clerks followed Ripley's lead and each spoke of my particular delusion to the effect that Mr. Ripley's books had been tampered with. In despair and anger I told the story of Ripley's guilt. In a moment I saw my fatal mistake. The face of the Judge showed that he was convinced that I was mad. How could he think otherwise when it is considered what Mr. Ripley's reputation was? The result of it all was that I was declared insane and ordered confined in an asylum. Ripley, wiping his eyes in the deepest grief, offered to pay my expenses in a private institution where I might be "better cared for." I cried out against it, raved and begged not to be put in Ripley's power, but this was thought to be a part of my delusion. Words cannot portray the horrors of that asylum. One day the superintendent threatened me. "Do your worst," I cried, throwing my head back, my eyes blazing with anger. "You know that I am no more insane than you are. You know why I am here. You know what my fate is to be and it can't come too quick."

As I began this speech the door opened and there came into the room the fairest vision of loveliness I had ever seen. A young girl in the flower of womanhood, with eyes like stars, and a perfection of feature, form and carriage that was only marred by an expression of unutterable sadness. She paused and glanced at me, and when I had finished, said: "Oh, uncle, don't. Haven't we had suffering and misery enough here?" "Get out and stay out," replied the superintendent. "I can run this place without any advice from a beggar." That night as I lay exhausted and suffering, but thinking all the time of the fair young girl with the sad face and wondering how it would look if the owner were happy, the door of my cell opened, there was a swish of garments and I struggled to my feet to see the angel of my vision. "Not a word," she whispered. "It is worth your life and mine." "When the clock strikes one," she

whispered, "open your door, turn to the right and you will find the window at the end of the corridor open. You must drop twenty feet and climb the wall. The keeper is drunk. Uncle is asleep. I will unlock the door. She unfastened the iron on my hands and feet and in an instant she was gone.